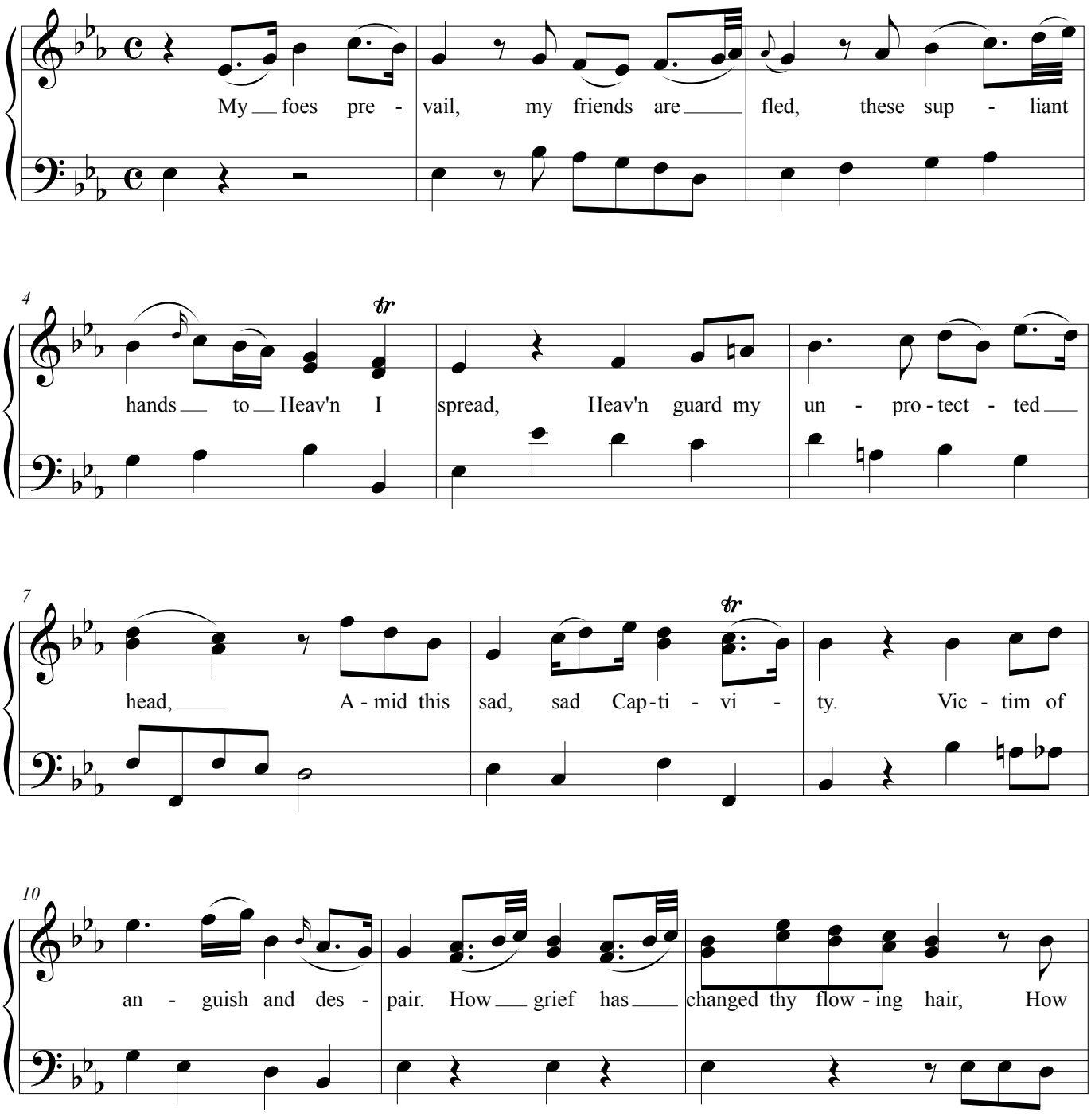
Captivity

A Ballad supposed to be sung by Marie Antoinette During her Confinement

Stephen Storace
(1762-1796)

Affetuoso



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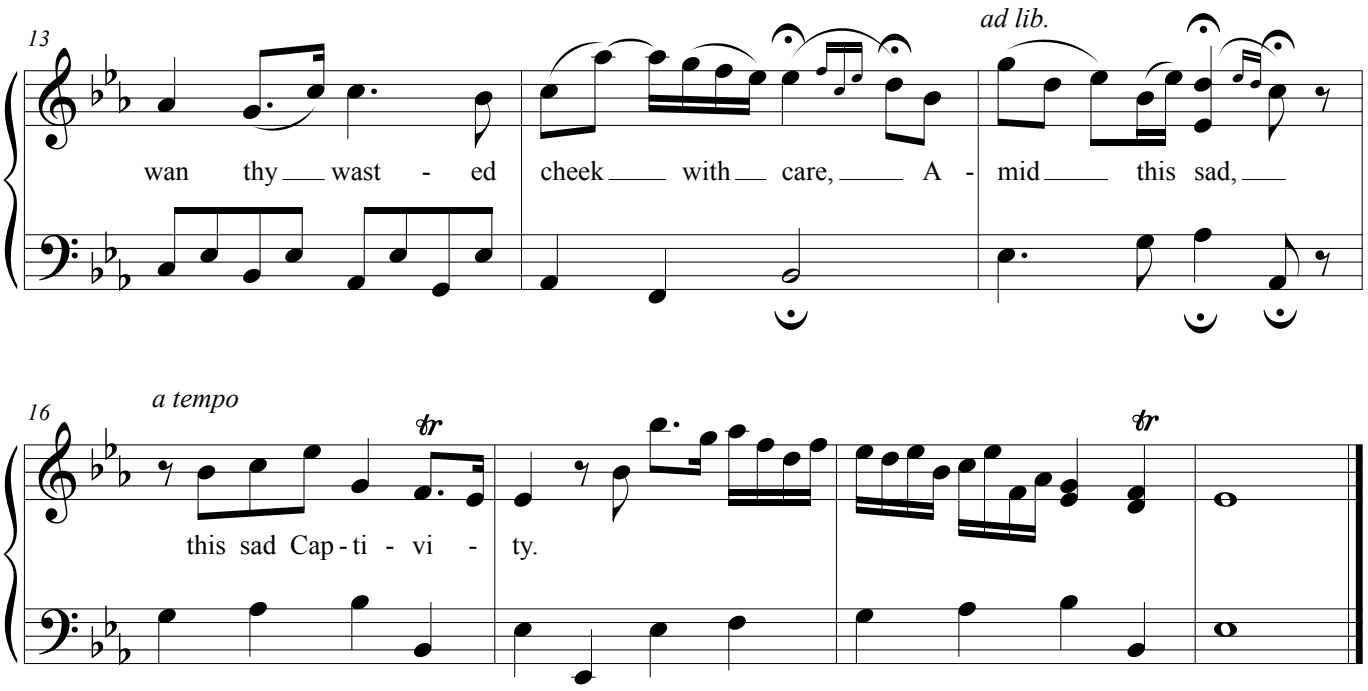

2. See Austria's daughter, Gallias's Queen
With haggard face and altered mien,
A captive wretch, unknown, unseen,
Amid this sad Captivity.
How dread the horrors of this place.
In every treacherous guard I trace
The dark design, the ruffian face,
Amid this sad Captivity.

3. And when my babes lie hushed in sleep
Their couch in briny tears I steep,
Hang o'er theiry forms, and weep
Amid this sad Captivity.
Oft, in the dead of slient night,
I start in frantic, wild affright,
Whilst ghastly shapes appa; my sight,
Amid this sad Captivity.

4. Then fancy paints my murdered lord,
I see th'assasins blood-stained sword,
The headless trunk, the bosom gored,
Amid this sad Captivity.
To Thee, O king of Kings, I cry,
To Thee I lift the streaming eye,
And heave the penitential sigh,
Amid this sad Captivity.

The Hair of this once lovely Woman was of a bright flaxen colour, but three years of sorrow have brought on a premature Old Age. Antoinette is now grey-headed, wan, and wrinkled.

Transcribed from Levy 031.045, unaltered, including above comment.
CHWJA/19/3:29, immediately preceding Queen Mary's Lamentation CHWJA19/3/30.